

THE GLEAM



WINDMOOR

The Gleam

VOL. II

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No. 1

When Mary Came

GOD'S thought flashed forth a silver star,
That shown in Advent's skies afar.

God smiled, and in that blessed hour,
Earth knew its first unspotted flower.
The star-thought and God's flower are one,

It's Mary, Mother of the Son.

Chronicle

SEPTEMBER 11—Registration for the Academy.

SEPTEMBER 12—Sessions commenced. Alma Mater welcomed the old and new students alike. The Academic Freshman Class claims the honor of being the largest ever enrolled at St. Teresa's.

SEPTEMBER 15—The Academy boarders enjoyed the afternoon at Swope Park. Since the majority are from homes not in the vicinity the outing provided unusual recreation.

SEPTEMBER 17—Registration for the College.

SEPTEMBER 23—A Good Luck Dinner was served to the resident students. The tables were profusely decorated with natural long-stemmed four-leaf clovers. To each menu card was attached a gilded wish bone. Facing the entrance was a large gilded horse shoe supporting a card bearing this quaint invitation: "The latch string's out, how much luck can you root?"

The clover-shaped salad bore the Swastika for over design. At the end of the repast each girl was given a Good Luck Penny and a slip containing ten puzzles to be solved by reference to the coin. Miss Maureen Honan won the prize, "Brilliant from Tennyson."

SEPTEMBER 28—The Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated in the college chapel by Rev. Fr. Knipscher, S. J. The students of all departments attended.

OCTOBER 1—Procession in honor of the Queen of the Rosary. The statue was carried through the halls during the singing of hymns, following which prayers were said in the chapel.

OCTOBER 4—The Faculty and student body assembled to hear Miss Florentine Rutkowski tell of her trip to Notre Dame as the representative of this institution to the C. S. M. C. A very graphic account, both statistical and literary, was given. All enjoyed the speakers' unique manner of expression.

OCTOBER 10—College Freshmen were initiated. It is evident from the manner

in which they acquitted themselves during the ordeal that they will prove worthy members of S. T. C. It is believed that of the whole performance the Freshmen enjoyed most the lunch served them by the Seniors.

OCTOBER 11—Sharp at 12:45 all students were summoned to the Study Hall to participate in the "Gleam" Pep meeting. The meeting was called to order by the editor-in-chief, Helen Ree Honan, and the pep instilled in everyone by a song which was sung by the college boarders to the tune of "You've Got to See Mama Every Night." Miss Honan's efforts were fully rewarded by the enthusiasm with which the song was received. A student representing each class was called upon to speak. Yells for the Gleam closed the meeting.

OCTOBER 15—The Faculty entertained the student body in honor of the patroness of the institution. At six all went to the dining room which was tastily decorated with autumn leaves and chrysanthemums, where a delicious supper course was served. An orchestra furnished music during the meal after which all adjourned to the gymnasium where a grand march led by Margaret Fisher and Evelyn Flinn was the initial feature of the prom. At the close of the dance all joined in a sincere cheer for the Faculty.

OCTOBER 19—Rev. George A. Degelman, S. J., addressed the students. Father spoke of the soul as being the life current and its peculiarity, invisibility. The speaker stressed the power of the emotions, explaining how through this medium personality and human magnetism manifest themselves. Most students, and this audience was no exception, enjoy hearing someone tell how he can read ideals in the facial expression. Father cited a few instances which were very interesting and productive of thought.

OCTOBER 22—The National Catholic Welfare Council representative, Miss Linna Breisset, addressed the students. The speaker stated the purpose of the Council dwelling on the social training young women receive through this medium. The Council is working to prevent the passage of obnoxious measures or amendments to the governmental code, and also to promote standardized homes for working girls.

OCTOBER 30—The annual Hallowe'en party and masquerade. The Freshmen were the first to entertain for the season. Grand March and dancing were the initial features on the program. Games and other amusements peculiar to the night were indulged in heartily after which an elaborate spread greeted the participants.

Many novel features were seen on the floor and a prize was given for the best costume. Miss Catherine Muehlschuster was the winner. Miss Betty Sullivan won the prize for the cleverest costume.

NOVEMBER 6—Rev. T. B. McDonald spoke in behalf of the charity drive which was open from the 5th to the 10th. Father said that charity is the outpouring of the soul or a sympathetic expression toward someone in distress. The reasons for the talk were to dissipate in the minds of the hearers any antipathy toward any phase of charity, and to encourage the movement. The young people have been counseled to make sacrifices in order to bear their share of this great work.

NOVEMBER 7—The Dramatic Club of the College department presented "Rosemary." The comedy was well given and showed careful study and application. An appreciative audience witnessed the performance which was the first of a series to be given by the club.

NOVEMBER 8—The Junior class gave a Wienie Roast at Swope Park. The youthful hostesses are to be commended for the manner in which everything was arranged. A delightful day with just a hint of frost in the air made the blazing fires popular haunts. In addition to the repast which consisted of several items, the students enjoyed the long drive.

On November 20, Sister Margaret Alacoque was called to her eternal reward. Sister Margaret had been, for many years a tireless worker for the glory of God and the interests of her dear St. Teresa's. Nothing that touched "the girls" was a matter of indifference to her. For many years she filled the office of procurator, and the intelligent care with which she discharged her duties, showed how much to heart she had taken our Lord's injunction to be faithful to little things.

As she lay in the chapel, the calm of death about her, in her hands the crucifix, the symbol of that renunciation by which more than fifty years ago she had chosen the better part, one felt our dear Lord must have greeted her tenderly after her life of sacrifice and toil. May she rest in peace!

The Gleam

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Editorial

The Bureau of Education has declared the week beginning November 18 to 24 as American Education Week. This is the fourth consecutive year in which an effort has been made to emphasize for a week the need of education throughout our nation. Each year's efforts have met with greater success than the previous one and expectations are high this year for a still greater interest in education.

The program is arranged so that each day in this week is set aside to stress some particular phase of education that is national in its significance. The local needs or features of education are by no means slighted, but are brought into correlation with the national program.

The States join hands to acclaim this a wise and beneficent movement. The achievements made by the country are an inspiration for greater success in all directions. State superintendents and state commissioners of education have appointed special directors or committees to plan the observance of the week in their respective States.

The interest, inquiry and intensive efforts that have thus far taken place make certain that this year's efforts will be three-fold and that the nation will be wholly enlightened to the educational needs and matters of the country.

The college student of today is the subject of endless discussion. She scores high here, low there, according to different individuals.

Who on entering college does not feel happy, eager, and enthusiastic? And why? Because the college student feels that she is now beginning to shoulder some responsibilities and to be, as it were, her own mistress. The title of college student implies certain attributes. She feels that the time is here for her

to determine on independent actions, to do her own thinking and use her keen and wise sense of reason. A student, therefore, who attends a college where all privileges are denied her is deprived of a highly important part of college training. She feels that college is no more a real preparation for life than is high school. If a student is expected to act independently she must be given sufficient liberty to enable her to make a decision.

The day of guidance in minute details is now over. If a staunch character is to be developed, the individual must learn to stand alone. This does not depend on the college solely but the co-operation of the students and the college is the making of the worth-while college life of today.

Our School

The atmosphere that prevails in our school this year is much to be admired. There is an increase in that nebulous, but vital thing, school spirit. Each and every girl is anxious to do her share. Fidelity to school spirit is uppermost in the mind of all, not in theory but practice.

It is amazing to view the various activities that have taken place since the beginning of the school year. The college girls began basket ball a week or so after school started and the pep and enthusiasm that was in the beginning has increased more and more each time. The Academic class gave a card party and the proceeds were the best indication of its success. Other activities that have been given are candy sales and wiener roasts, all for the Missions.

There is that business-like atmosphere within the school. You rarely see groups of girls standing around conversing during free periods! Each girl is here for work and she is nobly accomplishing her end.

We need not resort to a dictionary or an encyclopedia to get a definition of school spirit. We all have it, we're going to cling to it, and make this school year our most successful, eventful and memorable one.

Rosemary

Of course you have noticed and commented on the pep of those college boarders. And of course you saw the college play "Rosemary." But did you know that those same peppy college boarders have organized a dramatic club and that "Rosemary" was the first of a series of club plays? And did you know that the proceeds of these plays are going to form a press fund for THE GLEAM and to aid the Missions?

Didn't you think Evelyn Flinn was Rosemary to perfection? Those curls, that cute little southern drawl, a regular southern belle, wasn't she? And dashing little red-headed Marian Grady, wasn't she a good Irish Nora? And let's don't forget the twins, who couldn't ever find their right shoes or collars, and good old Mammy who so faithfully served her "little Miss Rosemary."

Those poor girls. They nearly expired while their real male, masculine men were off to war? Didn't you pity them?

Yes, it was a good play, excellent if one considers it in the light of a first attempt, and here's hoping that the dramatic club keeps up the good work.

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Roast Turkey

Dear Reader, have you ever tasted such roast turkey as Grandmother Brown gives her children on Thanksgiving Day? Do you know of its tenderness and flavor, its tendency toward pleasing the appetite when temptingly combined with rich, brown gravy? No, probably you are a gentleman of quality who deems a turkey, a fowl of domestication fit only for the table of a husbandman; or perhaps an ordinary commonplace bird with tail spread, wings drooping, head and neck drawn back, emitting a puffing sound from which you wish to refrain.

You may have a vague and ambiguous idea of a turkey as an already dressed fowl in the city market, or perhaps a cardboard structure for window decoration. You are fully ignorant of its original beauty, the handsome plumage with a bronze luster, such as Grandmother Brown possesses. How it strutted about in the early morning catching the early worm; how it was entrapped in a pen into which it was enticed by grain; how it was killed, carried into the kitchen where it was dissected and lay in dusty whiteness ready for Grandmother Brown's roaster and soon to be transferred to the oven of the good old faithful range. After it is roasted several times it is ready to be placed on the gold-rimmed platter. You may rest assured that it is eaten with relish and is another thing to be grateful for on that day of Thanksgiving.

If I am right in my premise, you are unacquainted with these degrees of preparation and the grandchildren have an idea far beyond you.

—Maureen Honan

A Dissertation On Words

(With apologies to Charles Lamb)

The dog barks today as it barked at the creation, and the crow of the cock is the same today as when it startled the ear of the repentant Peter. Not so man or his means of expression. Man has the divine gift of speech, enabling mind to communicate with mind. Without this crowning gift to man, even reason would be comparatively valueless. Tongue is the glory of man, hence the need of words. There are few things deemed more full of marvel than the origin, history, structure and significance of words.

Few persons duly estimate the power of words. The influence we exert upon others and the manner in which we are impressed by our fellowmen, all depend upon a knowledge of the value of words. Long use has so familiarized us with language, we employ it so readily and without conscious effort, that we are apt to regard it as a matter of course, and become blind to its significance. The significance of the simplest epithet, however, depends upon the character of the man that uses it. As coin represents wealth, so are words the representatives of things and thoughts.

The right arrangement of the right words is the whole secret of distinctive expression. There can be witchery, delicacy, accuracy, gorgeousness, anything you choose, bound up in your diction, but you must know how to select and arrange. If

you will, you may say that therein lies the difference between the educated and the uneducated person, the capability of fitting the word to the idea, of apt expression. To the present generation everything is either "keen" or "marvelous," whether it be a picture show, a cake, a dress, or a sunset. Yet, even great writers have that fault. The continuous usage of a favorite word is characteristic of no less a writer than Shakespeare, who, obsessed with a certain word or figure, would return to it perhaps two or three times in the same play, Joseph Warren Buch in a recent article in "The Atlantic Monthly" says. In 1922 America's favorite word was "devastating"; in 1917 it was "paramount," while today I believe it is "poignant." You cannot open a novel without encountering this vague but fervid attributive. Modern emotional story tellers, in their eagerness to be elegantly expressive, try to achieve distinction by the adoption of half a dozen smart words. Smart words spread too quickly. Distinction, such as that possessed by Thackeray and Stevenson, is more than skin deep. It is not wholly an affair of words, but of individuality, of thought and phrasing.

Language ought to be always the obedient and flexible instrument of thought. The words which a man of genius selects are as much his own as his thoughts. One of the most distinguished American authors is said to be in the habit of reading the dictionary through once a year.

"Words," said the fierce Mirabeau, in reply to an opponent in the National Assembly, "are things." Not merely things but living things endowed with the power to communicate and convey.

"How forcible," says Job, "are right words." To quote Solomon: "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

—Mary Randolph.

Autumn

"Pride cometh before a fall," so said the sages of yesterday, so say the learned men of today. Poor Mother Nature! She has had her day, and a happy day it was. She has had her glory, her hour of triumph, but like the monarchs of the old world, her reign of supremacy is over. Her downfall is now at hand. She weeps long and bitterly, she frowns and grows cross, but ah! to no avail. We say, "perhaps next year she will have learned her lesson." There we are mistaken. Her nature seems to be of a human sort, ever falling and rising anew, but never learning, even as yours and mine.

—Florentine Rutkowski.

The Fire

"Get up quickly!" "Open your windows." "What's the matter?" "Oh, what shall we do?" "Where do we go?" "Is the roof falling in?" "What part of the building is burning?"

Could you have witnessed the emotions of the frightened students one early fall Saturday morning when they were awakened by some unusual commotion in the halls you perhaps might marvel that they are apparently alive now.

When we were aroused from our peaceful slumbers and became conscious of the odor of smoke you can easily imagine how we felt! With a grab for bathrobe and bedroom slippers every girl was soon conducted to the first floor.

The fire department was summoned and to this day we are still in quandary as to who had the thrilling experience of notifying them. It has been every girl's desire to break the glass and give in the fire signal and now to think that there really was a fire and we didn't get to use the little hammer! It was rumored that Willie Mae Brown slipped in and notified the police, but the student jury has passed no verdict yet as to having found the truth of this, and Willie Mae is without a sentence.

The fire was truly a memorable event. We have often talked of what we would do in case of a fire and Evelyn Flinn testified she would grab for her locket, yet what did she carry out with her but her beloved French book! Sadie Shaw said she would get her mother's picture, if nothing else, and as a result, due to smoke and confusion (we suppose), Sadie was found clinging to the snapshot of the good looking Cadillac and its occupant. Haste excuses some things, though! Other things the girls carried were letters, pocketbooks (none of which contained money!) and Sunday black dresses!

However, it was the scene of much excitement and formed an interesting subject for conversation for many days.

And what was the cause? A blaze in the dust-chute. Happily no great danger from fire can arise in our building on account of its fireproof structure.

—Helen Ree Honan.

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The Sense of Sin in Hawthorne

Hawthorne was a recluse but not for the sake of scientific research nor scholarly pursuits. He simply lived through choice in an atmosphere of dreams. Isolated from his family and friends, he brooded, and having no engrossing personal troubles, he turned naturally to a deep consideration of the soul and its great problem, sin. Sin, to him, was the most vital fact of life, and for him the analysis of its results on guilty human hearts held a peculiar fascination.

Hawthorne did not treat sin in a morbid way, in fact almost invariably he portrayed it as a means of raising the guilty one to a higher plane of spirituality. It must not be supposed, however, that he made sin lead to happiness, because in every case it brought sorrow and suffering. It was this suffering and remorse, not the sin itself, which gave to the sinner a broader and more sympathetic knowledge of life. As a rule he treated of the transforming power of sin rather than of the motive for its commission. He analyzed the workings of the guilty conscience without either excusing or condemning. Hawthorne was utterly detached from his characters and seemed to have no sentiment or feeling for them, except perhaps in "The Scarlet Letter."

According to Hawthorne's idea, punishment must inevitably follow sin in this life. In most cases it was accomplished by the tortured conscience of the guilty one, and in a few cases was inflicted by others. In these instances, however, the punishment inflicted by others was as nothing when compared with the mental agony. In "The Scarlet Letter" it was not the sentence of her Puritan judges which caused Hester Prynne such sorrow. Arthur Dimmesdale's guilt was not known yet he suffered for his sin and also for his cowardice in not confessing it. He hated himself for concealing his sin and playing the hypocrite, but still he was too weak to own his guilt until the end of his life. On the other hand Hester's guilt was known and she was able to try to atone without feeling that she was a living lie. In "The Marble Faun" Donatello began to find peace only after he had confessed his crime and offered himself for punishment which did not, however, begin to cause him the suffering his guilty conscience had.

Hawthorne's subjects were gloomy but there was no striving to produce effects of horror by the use of supernatural element as in the works of Poe. Hawthorne treated his themes delicately and did not attempt to work on the feelings and sympathies of his readers by crude methods. He selected a moral problem and proceeded to solve it in the minds of his characters, and while the result was not always the most pleasing, it was generally the most probable.

—Anna May Hogan

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Fructus Inter Folia

It has been said, and truly so, that a library is the burial ground of men's minds. But the magazine nook at Windmoor is far removed from even a remote resemblance to a place of interment. It is rather the arena of the vital today.

The very first page of the November *Ace Maria* arrests our attention with the article "The Poet of Purgatory." This proves to be not only an appropriate November reading, but also an adequate appreciation of Dante's "Purgatorio."

The much respected authority on current events, *America* presents a comprehensive editorial in the November 3rd issue, on the much discussed subject of voting. In "The Intelligent Vote" the editor states and proves the statement, that this method of voting is a remedy for all party failures. Catholics are most earnestly urged to recognize the need of action in this regard.

Interest in a keen personal vitality is inspired by the university intelligence tests given in the November *American*. The great world outside awakens to the fact that many other than college students are unable to pass these tests. Try it! The Tests and Rating Principles are given verbatim.

November's *Atlantic Monthly*, in "The President," by Edward Elwell Whiting, finds a responsive audience in all classes of Americans; for we are all interested in our new President, Calvin Coolidge, no matter what the individual determinant of interest may be. Mr. Whiting gives a biography of the President which does much to dispel any doubt of the latter's fitness for his exalted office, and we optimistically await results of his leadership test.

The fall season always ushers in much that is new in the literary world. A terse and capable treatment of this extensive subject is found in October's *International Book Review*: "This Autumn's Book Avalanche," by Percy A. Hutchison.

Italy and Italian politics are much in the fore today, and October's *Scribners* gives us a clear vision of that which has been hitherto rather hazy. Charles H. Sherrill, in "Great Personages in New Italy," by presenting to view Pope Pius XI, Cardinal Gasparri, Mussolini, and the King, adequately covers every phase of the situation.

—Genevieve Dillon.

An Old Story

Have you ever heard it told,
'Tis a story very old,
Of the girl who loved to work
While still at school?

People say 'tis very true
I'd like to see her, wouldn't you?
That girl who loved to work
While still at school.

I have hunted everywhere
And once had an awful scare,
For I thought I found the girl who loved
to work
While still at school.

Now I see she doesn't exist,
Though all the teachers do insist

That there are girls who loved to work
While still at school.

—Florentine Rutkowski.

Question Box

Q. Why does Marian Grady go out every week end?

A. To take her grandmother for a walk, of course.

Q. What would Evelyn Flinn say if she didn't get a letter from New Hampshire every other day?

A. "Oh, I can't live."

Q. What is the latest about Annadele Riley and Marie Hunt?

A. Their arrival.

Q. What part of chemistry does Mary Louise like best?

A. The dictation.

Q. What causes the weird noises issuing from the study hall?

A. The choir.

Q. What is the characteristic of every boarder's room?

A. The Brick.

Q. Who did the mischief on Hallo-we'en?

A. The other person.

Q. What is the best means of securing ads?

A. Get an adding machine.

Q. When was the critical period in the history of the Botany class?

A. Precisely at the moment when all the students scrambled for the one and only new stool in the room.

Q. Why do the students dread the music examiner?

A. Because he is Crosse.

Q. What man is the most welcome visitor at ST. TERESA'S?

A. The mail man.

Q. Why didn't the gong from the music circle ring at midnight on Hallo-we'en?

A. Because every one was afraid that it might be heard throughout the house.

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Billy's Christmas Gift

Thomas Martin sat in the library of his home, engrossed in thought. The furnishings of his library, as well as desk, spoke of prosperity. He was thinking.

"It is only three weeks until Christmas, and I wonder what sort of gift I shall get for Billy. What will interest a boy of fifteen? He can have anything he wants, for the asking. He is a bright young fellow. I think I shall be very proud of him."

At this point his thoughts were interrupted by a sound in the hall which he knew was due to Billy's return from school. Soon the lad would rush into the room and greet his father with a "Hi Dad." Mr. Martin laid aside his glasses and prepared himself for Billy's entrance. He came, but he did not come joyously, as his father had expected. There was something about his face which made his father wonder.

"Billy-boy, what is the matter? Why are you so downcast?" asked Mr. Martin.

For a moment Billy did not answer and then he raised his head and in a calm, quiet voice said, "Father, I have been raised a Catholic. I have always attended a Catholic school, yet never once have I seen you inside the church. Why is it?"

"William," said his father in a voice, cold and severe. "Why have you mentioned this question which you know I have forbidden to be discussed in my house? You have been raised a Catholic because I promised it on my wedding day. I love your mother very much, and I cannot go back on my word. Please do not mention it again."

Billy's heart ached, for it certainly seemed to be a forbidden question. He left his father's library and went to seek his mother, in whom he knew he could find sympathy. He found her in the living-room, and laid his troubles before her.

"Mother, this afternoon I was walking home with James. His mother and father are both Catholics. They can all enter into the religious activities, both at church and at school. There is always something missing when you and I go to church alone. Even here at home religion is a thing never referred to. Yet we have both prayed for years for father's conversion."

"Yes, Billy, I know how you feel," responded Mrs. Martin. "You know it is only three weeks until Christmas. Surely, if we ask Almighty God on the birthday of His Divine Son, He will not refuse our request. Don't you remember that Tennyson, 'More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of'? So we must not give up."

"I only hope our prayers will be heard," responded Billy, "but it seems so impossible, for Father is so prejudiced."

With this the conversation ended. That evening at dinner the family was apparently as cheerful as ever. Mr. and Mrs. Martin asked Billy about his school work. He in turn inquired of his father concerning his business. However, there was trouble in the hearts of all three of

them, as there always was when the religious question entered the house. Nothing was said concerning it, yet Mr. Martin had misgivings lest it would always be a cause of contention in his otherwise happy home.

"Why should he subject himself to these foolish whims of Catholicism? He had too much business to be troubled with so many religious duties. Yet there must surely be something to it, or it would not have so many adherents."

These thoughts passed through the mind of Mr. Martin as he left the dining room and retired to his library for more work. However, he clinched his fists and determined that he would not be influenced by any of these reflections. In fact he paid so little attention to the event that in the course of three days he had entirely forgotten it. On the other hand it had become more deeply impressed upon the mind of his son. Billy said his prayers more fervently every night, attended Mass daily, and asked that Christmas Day would bring a change in his father.

One morning Mr. Martin came home with a frown on his face. The next day he did not come on time, and his wife noticed deep wrinkles on his fine forehead. Morning showed signs of a sleepless night. Mrs. Martin began to feel concerned and inquired as to the cause.

"Are you ill, Thomas, or am I right in thinking that you have business troubles to worry you?"

Thomas Martin had always been accustomed to confiding in his wife, yet he could not tell her that the bank was in danger of failing—that his entire fortune was at stake—and that Billy's future might be crushed in an instant. And so his only response was:

"Oh, it is nothing, dear—only a slight headache. I will be all right in a day or two."

But a day or two did not make him all right, nor did a week. At the end of this time he was so desperate that he sought the advice of a family friend, Mr. George Wallace. This visit did not seem to make any difference with him. To his wife he did not seem much relieved. However, he spent half the night in his library with orders not to be disturbed.

After this Mrs. Martin thought that her husband was much more calm, though the load was not entirely removed from his mind.

Billy and his mother did not see much of Mr. Martin from the time of this occurrence until Christmas, yet they still hoped that he would soften in his feelings toward the Church. They said nothing about it for fear of arousing his anger.

On Christmas morning Billy and his mother made preparations for Mass. Mr. Martin always arose with the family, though he did not accompany them to church. This morning they were a bit surprised that he did not make his appearance. However, thinking that he was resting after his three weeks' strain, they paid little attention and went on to Mass.

During Mass Billy was too much engrossed in his own thoughts to see any-

one around him. When the Communion Bell rang he arose and walked slowly to the front of the church. From the seat just opposite him there came the figure of a man. There was something familiar in the movement of the body which made Billy raise his head for an instant. He stopped stalk still in the aisle, grasping the nearest pew for support. It was his father. On Christmas Day he was here in a Catholic Church receiving Holy Communion. Billy's heart leaped for joy. His prayer had been answered.

That morning the happy family had breakfast together. When they were finished and they were gathered in the living room, Billy laid his hand on his father's shoulder and said:

"Dad, this is the most worth while gift you could have given me."

—Agnes Coomes.

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Lone Pine Ranch

She looked up at him quickly with her deep violet eyes. Patricia was very young and unusually pretty, with a pure oval face of appealing childish curves and delicate coloring. Alluring dimples lurked at the corners of her always laughing red lips.

"You can ride, Mr. ———," she paused. "I don't know just what to call you, you see Jimmy doesn't seem quite a name." "Lonesome will do," he said in return. "Names really don't amount to much after all."

Jimmy smiled beneath the sombrero that somewhat darkened his good-looking, sunbrowned muscular face.

"But people have to have them here as well as anywhere else."

"Yes, you New Yorkers set a great deal by family names, I know."

"Please! I didn't mean to pry!"

"Oh, that's quite all right, but here's the sunset we rode to see."

The whole wide plain lay below them, veiled in purple mists. The sun hung just above the jagged mountain edge like a huge golden ball. There was no sign of habitation, yet in some mysterious way the whole magnificent scene was filled with a feeling of peace and happiness.

"Like it?" asked Jimmy.

"Like it? Oh, it's wonderful! I dread thinking of New York. Somehow here's just where I long to live."

"Well, why don't you? Place is your's, isn't it?"

"Yes, but you don't understand! It's my uncle's old will! I'm only to have Lone Pine on condition I live here half of every year, and—"

"You said you liked it, there's nothing preventing you from stayin' on."

"That's not the worst condition! I must marry J. R. Chamman, uncle's nephew, who lives in Boston." She paused a moment then, "Oh, I don't care! I won't Jimmy. I simply won't! And look at this letter he sent me this morning?"

Jimmy taking and unfolding the paper read:

"My dear Miss Lee: If satisfactory to you, I would like to speak with you concerning your uncle's will—say about Thursday evening.

I am respectfully,
J. R. CHAMMAN."

Carefully avoiding Patricia's questioning eyes he returned the letter saying: "Just what, may I ask, do you intend doing?"

"I must stay here, that is if anyone wants me," she whispered back.

"Patricia! I want you! If only you mean what you say! But haven't you wondered who I am?"

"I have, Jimmy, but not lately; now I don't care, you're just Jimmy to me."

"Yes, I am Jimmy, alias James Rexford Chamman, of Boston! Now you know me, Patty dearest."

"Oh, you're only joking! You can't be he!"

"No, it was horrible, disgraceful of me, but it's true! I came here three months ago. I never dreamed of meeting you—then I lost my head and had a friend in Boston send those letters and—"

"You've met me, Mr. James Rexford

Chamman," she interrupted. "Now what do you think?"

"You know what I think, Patty, but now I suppose it means nothing to you," he said in a trembling voice.

"Me? I should say not! I much prefer Lonesome for a name."

Then leaping to the path, Patricia ran up the steps to the house—no, no longer a house—it was a home, their home-to-be.

—Alda McCormick.

College Humor

HEARD IN LOGIC CLASS

Teacher—What is the first step in the formation of a mental image?

Marion (wisely)—Psychology.

* * *

WHY, ISABEL!

Isabel Glick was overheard to say that she could not stay much longer, she had to follow Socrates home to Athens.

All stereotyped expressions such as the following are ruled strictly bad form by the student body:

1. "Due to the fact."
2. "Pardon me for living."
3. "I just can't live."
4. "Written anything for *The Glean*?"
5. "Prepared your logic?"
6. "Mail out, yet?"

* * *

This College life we read about
In papers of today,

Would make a person often think

There was nothing done but play;

But ask a first or second year,

Who studies hard each day,

And in one minute she will change

Your mind—and then she'll say,

"Why, College life is not a snap

It means much work, small play, young chap."

GLEAM GLARES

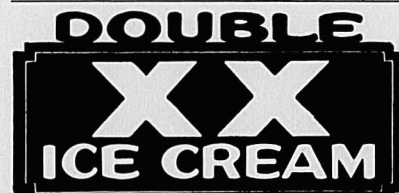
A good motto to remember and apply: a boost for your school is a boost for yourself.

Loyalty to one's paper is practiced by patronizing its advertisers.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

Success belongs to the most persevering.

Silence is the one lost art.



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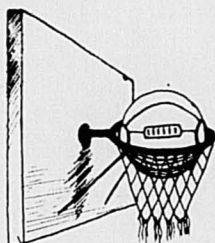
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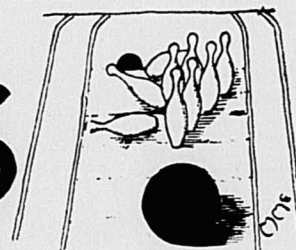
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ATHLETICS



What of This Sports- manship!

Of what does Sportsmanship consist? Does it concern you? Is it a part of your active school life? Does the winning of the pennant for the champion class team mean anything to you besides being the victor? Does it mean working only for fame?

Doesn't it mean co-operation with your school, your team and your coach? Doesn't it mean being a good winner and a good loser?

What is it that makes you cheer when your opponent makes a good play? What is it in you that admits that he is then the better man? What is it that encourages you to try again?

Is it not sportsmanship? Yes, it is. And you show it. How? By the present formation and development of your class teams. Will this die with the close of the inter-class games? No. You will continue showing this in all your schools' activities, and will ever be a loyal, true, sportsman of S. T. A.

—Dins', 24.

Have you school spirit? Do you honestly think so? Maybe you say so. But have you really a right to? Do you come out for practice fired with pep and vim? Do you cheer for its teams? If you haven't, now is the time to begin. Get some pep! Respond with your presence. Don't be self-centered; have some school spirit!

For the past two months we have played preparatory to basket ball every Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons from 3 to 4. We are looking forward with pleasure to the coming basket ball season. In order to acquire real talent and material, the athletic director requests each class to turn out as we shall have inter-class games. Do you know a pennant is going to be given to the winning class? Here's to your chance, now take it. Be the winning class!

Before Christmas the squad will be picked. Why not become one of the twelve.

Three Cheers for The College Team

Under the auspices of its coach, Mr. Walter Wiedeman, the college basket ball team hopes to develop a winning team. It meets for practice three times a week, Monday, Thursday and Friday. The girls realize that it takes time and work to make a good team, but they are willing to pay the price, spurred on by the hope of success.

The line-up is as follows:

Helen Ree Honan.....	F.
Agnes Coomes.....	F.
Maureen Honan.....	G.
Elizabeth Fisher.....	G.
Mary Louise Rosenbauer.....	J. C.
Helen Quigley.....	R. C.

Girls! Here's for the PENNANT.



Academic Teams

The High School classes have chosen the following teams:

Seniors

Katherine Helm.....	F.
Helen Fitzpatrick.....	F.
Mary Elizabeth Van Hee.....	G.
Helen Berger.....	G.
Catherine Muehlschuster.....	R. C.
Katherine Lynch (Captain).....	J. C.

Juniors

Nellie Widman (Captain).....	F.
Eva Conner.....	F.
Marcelline Pendergast.....	G.
Delia Ann Rhea.....	G.
Mary Margaret Connole.....	R. C.
Catherine Long.....	J. C.

Sophomores

Virginia Altman (Captain).....	F.
Lucia Berger.....	F.
Margaret Woodlief.....	G.
Norene Reeves.....	G.
Dorene Soden.....	R. C.
Louise Walsh.....	J. C.

Freshmen

Winifred Bryant.....	F.
Adah Maurine Downey.....	F.
Catherine Mary Bellport.....	G.
Frances Harrington.....	G.
Catherine Rooney.....	R. C.
Maura Mahoney.....	J. C.

The Cry of the Oppressed

(As mailed by a High School Freshman)

This High School is an awful place,
The way we're treated's a disgrace.
It has been said this country's free
Yet we're in chains of slavery,
Where with teachers grim and stern,
And many others in their turn
With minds on strictest rules intent
And eyes on every mistake bent,
They make our lives a misery,
And yet, who hath desire to flee?
It's work and study every day
With little time that's left for play.
It takes the pleasure out of life
And makes us plan revolt and strife.
When life seems dry, and sad, and glum,
And we seek comfort in some gum,
Or a piece of candy on the sly,
How sad—we catch a freezing eye,
We look into a threatening mien,
And know, alas, we have been seen.
We'll tell the world in mournful numbers,
A student's life's one horrid dream,
Zero awaits him if he slumbers,
High School's not the snap it seems!

—Mary Randolph.

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The Whereabouts of the Class of '23

ACADEMY

Mary Randolph, Helen Ree Honan, Marie Hunt, Willie Mae Brown, Katherine Rose Dierks and Margaret Morley have returned to their Alma Mater and are studying in the Voice, Music, Classical and Commercial departments.

Mildred Dye and Frances Fenning are attending the Kansas University, Lawrence, Kans.

Katherine Madorie and Dorothy Easton have registered at the Kansas City Junior College, Kansas City, Mo.

Marion Pinnell is at Ward Belmont College, Tennessee.

Virginia Flanagan is at Maryville, St. Louis, Mo.

Loretto Riley is at Junior College, Kansas City, Kas.

Virginia Thomasson is attending the University of Illinois at Champagne, Ill.

Martha De Noya is at home in Ponca City, Okla.

Mabel Welsh is at home at 2611 Gillham Road.

Helen Louise Hargett is Mrs. O. Ferguson and is residing at her home in Chillicothe, Mo.

Helen Purcell is at home, as are also Elizabeth Dorsey and Kathryn Kramer.

COLLEGE

Myrna Pilley is attending the Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kas.

Florence Regnery is attending Normal school at Kirksville, Mo.

Mary Ahern is at home at 2635 Brighton, Kansas City, Mo.

Sarah Loretta Larson is teaching at the Convent of the Good Shepherd.

Miss Helen Bushman is teaching in Princeville, Ills.

Miss Florence Muehlebach is at home.

Alumnae Notes

The Alumnae held its annual meeting October 14. Mass was celebrated in the chapel at eight o'clock after which the meeting was held.

On November 11 the monthly meeting was held at the college.

The Alumnae entertained with a bridge luncheon at the Catholic Ladies Club Saturday, November 17.

Miss Carmelita Rourke represented the Alumnae at the meeting of the State Chapters, I. F. C. A., held November 3 in St. Louis.

Music Notes

On Tuesday, October 23rd, Mr. Crosse made his first advisory visit to the Academy for the purpose of examining the pupils. This examination lasted until three o'clock. Then the Music class assembled in the study hall where they listened to a very profitable address on the value of practicing technic daily.

He demonstrated its value by playing several piano numbers and proved that the fingers can be trained to work even though the mind is not wholly upon them.

The students of the Voice Department and the school of Expression will give a joint recital on St. Cecilia's day, November 22.

Library Notes

The following books have been added to the library:

Library of American Literature—*Stedman and Hutchinson.*

The Literary Essay in English—*Sister M. Eleanor.*

Composition and Rhetoric—*Wm. M. Tanner.*

History of English Literature—*Simonds.*

English Versification—*Bright.*

English Composition—*Hanson.*

First Book in English—*Murray and Wiles.*

Greek Dictionary—*Hinds and Noble.*

French Course—*Schneider.*

The Charm of Manners—*Helen Starrett.*

Institutional Household Adm.—*Southard.*

The Family and Its Members—*Spencer.*

Successful Family Life—*Abel.*

The Charm of a Well-Mannered Home—*Starrett.*

The Project Method of Teaching—*Stevenson.*

Measurement of Classroom Products—*Curtis.*

Outline of Bible Knowledge—*Messmer.*

The Vision of Desire—*Peddler.*

Referendum and Recall—*Munro.*

Higher Mathematics—*Miller.*

Experimental Education—*Rush.*

Agriculture—*Davis.*

Youth—Education—*Hall.*

Science of Common Things—*Tower.*

Community Life and Civic Problems—*Hill.*

Sanitation and Physiology—*Ritchie.*

Psychology as Applied to Education—*Magnusson.*

Light Waves and Their Uses—*Michelson.*

Psychology of High School Subjects—*Judd.*

The Electron—*Millikan.*

Prismatic and Diffraction Spectra—*Ames.*

Inductive Electric Currents—*Faraday.*

Laws of Electrolysis Conductivity—*Goodwin.*

Curriculum Construction—*Charters.*

Mechanics Molecular Physics—*Millikan.*

Mission Notes

On October 4, the St. Teresa Mission unit held its first meeting. No business was transacted, but a most interesting report was given by our delegate to the C. S. M. C. convention at Notre Dame, Miss Florentine Rutkowski. Miss Rutkowski came back full of zeal for the cause, and is working to promote the mission spirit in the unit.

The unit held its first business meeting October 11. One important step was the election of officers. Florentine Rutkowski was re-elected president; Evelyn Flinn was elected vice-president; Helen Fitzpatrick, treasurer, and Helen Ree Honan, secretary.

Two committees were named by the president: The Program Committee, Anna May Hogan, Maureen Honan and Catherine Muehlschuster, and the Spiritual Aid Committee, Helen Quigley, Cath-

erine Helm, Kathleen Sadan, Lucia Berger and Mary Elizabeth Stokes.

Although the year has just begun, we are glad to say that the classes are already raising money for the cause. May they work on, and while working let them not forget to pray.

Big Party—

Big Prizes—

Big Money

This year the Senior Class was the first to prove active in behalf of the Missions. Their bit was a card party October 20th at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Muehlschuster.

The title tells the tale—for it was a big party, they had big prizes and they made big money.

The party was carefully planned and nobly supported. We are glad to name one of our college students, Miss Marie Straub, as the winner of the general prize. Another prize was won by Miss Lorene Soden, one of the Academic students.

After the bridge games, refreshments were served and this was followed by dancing.

The Seniors are grateful for the loyal support given them, which so helped to swell the check for the Missions.

Dancing Notes

This year the dancing classes are specializing in interpretive work in preparation for the coming Grecian play. The Christmas demonstration will be the opening exhibition of the year's work.

Art Notes

The attendance in the Art Department this year is very satisfactory. Work in commercial art, water color, china painting, and the other branches is well started. The girls are earnest and enthusiastic and spend the major part of their time in the studio.

The Art Class enjoyed a pleasant morning last month making sketches of the old mill at Dallas. This is a very picturesque and historically interesting spot. The girls were shown through the mill which is still run as when it was first erected by its present owner, a descendent of the builder.

There will be a number of beautiful hand-painted Christmas cards for sale in the studio after the second week in December.

The exhibition of Christmas cards painted by the students will be held about the same time.

The younger girls have been taken on several sketching trips to various spots around the Country Club district.

The Senior Art Appreciation class visited the Kansas City Public Library and studied the paintings by Raphael in the Nelson collection.

The Art students are earnest workers for the Gleam. Many have already completed covers and cartoons.

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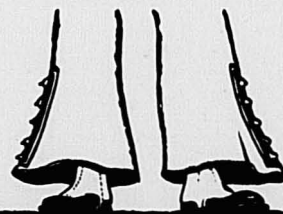
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